You May Get It

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Summary

Insead Will smiles and chuckles, “I see why you don’t use that as your attention grabber in the ads section of the paper. The profiler has always had a quirky dark sense of humor that nobody gets but him. Their loss he supposes. When he observes the realtor is hesitant to go on, he mentions, “ I am a criminal profiler for the FBI. I am well acquainted with death. If people had died in their sleep here..it doesn’t put me off the house.” he shrugs as the leans his back against the counter ankles crossed as he looks down.

“Well...does it put you off, if they were murdered.”
“Like how many?”
“Murders?”
“Yes.”
“Oh let me see..” the realtor pulls out her folder of information about the house. She hisses in a breath when she reads the number,” Ummm….like ten.” she looks up at Will. The profiler is taken aback for a moment, serial killer house that’s something new. He nods.

“I’ll still take it. Let’s hope I am no number eleven.” the profiler smiles which fades as he sees the look of fear on the woman’s face.Nobody gets his jokes, well as long as I am entertained he thinks is all that matters.

or Hannibal as an unorthodox genie.

Notes

Jinn, jann or djinn (singular: jinnī, djinni, or genie; Arabic: الجن al-jinn, singular الجني al-jinnī) are supernatural creatures in Islamic mythology as well as pre-Islamic Arabian mythology.The Quran says that the jinn are made of a smokeless and "scorching fire",[1] but are also physical in nature, being able to interact in a tactile manner with people and objects and likewise be acted upon. Like human beings, the jinn can be good, evil, or neutrally benevolent and hence have free will like humans..... (wikipedia)

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

“As you see Mr Graham, for the rental cost, which includes utilities, you get way more than you bargained for.” says Ms Greenleaf, realtor to the greater Baltimore area.

Will Graham looks around with intelligent blue eyes taken in the huge mansion. It is way more house than he needs, or anyone else for that matter. The FBI profiler has to stay somewhere while his house is being renovate after an electrical fire. He runs a hand through chestnut unruly curls and adjust his glasses.

“How about pets?” he asks. The man has a whole pack of them, seven to be exact. They are his family forged from care and trust. If only human relationships could be as simple. Will’s heavy work boots make a loud thud as he walks down the hall peeking into the rooms. It is opulently decorated and fully furnished. Nothing has been moved since the original owner lived here. The house has sat abandoned for a least a year at least going by the dust build up Will notices.

“That is one of the few conditions for rental. No pets but with the money you’ll save from the low rent you should be able to afford to board them.” The mature blonde says in a very fake upbeat voice. This place makes her nervous and Will makes her nervous as well. The profiler can feel it sliding off of her. Will is unaffected by her anxiety, he always makes people feel that way.

Will puts his hand on his hip lifting his practical army green jacket up as he rubs his slight bearded chin with the other. He would hate to do that to the dogs but he could visit him. The place the profiler boards them is like a farmstead in a rural area. The dog are let out to roam and play,one of the reasons the chose it but it does cost more than a regular kennel. With the cheap rent and with a shorter commute to work, he could afford it. It would be better than the dogs cooped up in the city with no place to run.

“I think. I’ll take it.” Will says looking at the blonde. He doesn’t meet her eyes even though it may look he does. His glasses cut off the intrusive gaze of the woman. It was a small glass barrier between him and the necessary social exchange people require of him.

Ms Greenleaf beams saying, “That’s wonderful! But…” Her smile becomes frozen as she adds through clenched teeth, “ I have to tell you the house’s history for full disclosure. There have been several deaths here..” she pauses waiting for the usual response of a shocked gasp.

Instead Will smiles and chuckles, “I see why you don’t use that as your attention grabber in the ads section of the paper. The profiler has always had a quirky dark sense of humor that nobody gets but him. *Their loss* he supposes. When he observes the realtor is hesitant to go on, he mentions, “ I am a criminal profiler for the FBI. I am well acquainted with death. If people had died in their sleep here..it doesn’t put me off the house.” he shrugs as the leans his back against the counter ankles crossed as he looks down.

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“Oh let me see..” the realtor pulls out her folder of information about the house. She hisses in a breath when she reads the number,” Ummm….like ten.” she looks up at Will. The profiler is taken aback for a moment, serial killer house that’s something new. He nods.

“I’ll still take it. Let’s hope I am no number eleven.” the profiler smiles which fades as he sees the look of fear on the woman’s face.*Nobody gets his jokes*, *well as long as I am entertained he thinks is all that matters.*

Later that day, Will opens to door to his temporary abode. He instinctively takes off his boots in the foyer. He shivers the heat needs to be turned up. He roams upstairs finding several bedrooms to choose from, all furnished even with the linens. Will decides to take the master since it has a full en suite bathroom. The profiler opens the closet, he should say walk in closet, no even that is unfitting description for the size of this closet. It’s like a small bedroom that houses a full boutique store of clothing, shoes and accessories. The profiler feels he is intruding by placing his clothes in there.

He wonders why no one has removed the last occupants personal effects. The profiler can understand leaving everything else but clothes? Expensive ones at that, Will finds when inspects the articles of clothing. Whom ever owned these was a very confident man to wear some of these suits with bold patterns. Will attempts to take up the least amount of space as he unpacks putting the few pieces of clothing the owns up.

Will goes back down to the foyer, he grabs a small grocery bag with a few things he bought for dinner. He'll have to make a bigger trip later. In the laundry area the finds the control for the AC so he cranks up the heat. The profiler finds a skillet, utensils and a cutting board to use. He takes out an onion to chop when looks around for a knife. Will finds a leather roll case on the counter in a corner. Will unrolls the soft leather to find a set of very expensive chef knives. Will whistles,he may not cook but just looking at these you know they are expensive.

The profiler takes out one knife. He can see his reflection in the flat side of the blade. Will runs his finger tip along the board side feeling the cool smooth metal surface.

"Shit!" he hisses as he accidentally cuts his index finger. It is a surprisingly deep cut. Blood wells up quickly as a few drops fall to the counter, he sticks the injured digit into his mouth instinctively. Will feels a cold breeze drift around him like someone is standing behind him. The profiler turns around quickly and sees nothing. The rolls his eyes at himself. *Idiot!* he chides, *nothing there the house is empty*. Will leaves the kitchen looking for a band aid for his finger.

A pair of Italian shoes walks softly across the kitchen floor as a man materializes out of thin air. He has tan skin, sharp cheekbones with crimson eyes. His sandy blonde hair is styled back. His lips purse as he swipes his finger in the blood on the counter smearing. He places it into his mouth, like a good connoisseur he savors the flavor smiling.

The man watches Will return from the bathroom with his wound now bandage. The profiler doesn't appear to see the exotic looking man next to the counter but he does walk around him like he knows someone unseen is there.

The man observes Will start cutting the onion. He tsks critically at Will's lack of culinary knife skills. The man wrinkles his nose when Will's pulls out ingredients from his grocery bags. After cooking his meal, Will eats his meal standing at the counter.It makes clean up easier besides the dinning room table is huge. Will feels dwarfed by it at a casual view.

The invisible man follows as Will goes and grabs his messenger bag heading to the study with the fire place. The profiler lights the gas logs, then he rummages through the liquor cabinet. *Aha! the good stuff!* Will pours himself two fingers of whiskey taking his drink over to the couch pulling out papers to grade including files on a recent case he is consulting on. The invisible man leans over the back of the couch looking at the papers he has an intrigued look.

Later during the evening, Will rubs his face and then his neck closing his eyes.

“You know it is rude to read over people’s shoulder right?” he says suddenly. The invisible man seems caught of guard at the comment. He comes to stand in front of the profile,r whose eyes are closed. Will chuckles, “It’s finally happened I am talking to people who aren’t there. It sure feels like someone is in here with me.” he mumbles as he downs the rest of his drink.

“Well, I am done.” Will stands and stretches his lithe limbs. He has a full day teaching tomorrow. He hasn’t sleeping well these last few months plagued with fevered dreams. Will needs to take better care of himself, as Alana is so often pointing out to him.

“Turn off all the lights when you go to bed if you don't’ mind.” the profiler mumbles to his invisible friend. As Will ascends the stairs, suddenly he is enveloped in darkness. All the lights are turned off, Will thinks power outage but as he nears the summit of the stairs, he see the upstairs lights are still on. The hairs on his neck stand up as his arms goosebumps.

“Thank you.” Will says looking downstairs into the darkness for a few minutes. He sighs, *I am too tired for this shit*. He heads into the bedroom.

Will has a simple bedtime routine really strip to under shirt, boxers, and brush teeth. He crawls into bed and falls asleep in minutes.

Will is walking in the woods near his home in Wolf Trap. The is following the raven stag determined to keep up with creature. It keeps alluding him. He tentatively follows hoof prints down a hill, at the water's edge stands the stag. Will approaches quietly as the stag dips his head drinking from the river of blood. He lifts his bloody snout looking at the profiler. Will hears an smooth calm accent voice echoing through the woods. It is right beside yest is sounds like it is all around him at the same time.

“Where are you going William?” the voice whispers

“I am following him.” he murmurs reply.

“Who?”

“The raven stag.”

“Why?”

“He has something to share with me.”

“What is it William?”

“I think it is ...a becoming..my becoming.”

“Time for bed William. All good men need their sleep.”

Will feels a brush of fingers on his arm. He awakes in the morning to a glass of water and two aspirins on his bedside table. He gulps down the water along with the aspirin, his head is killing him. Will gazes at the alarm clock just as it hits him he is late for work. The profiler scrambles out of bed flying into the bathroom. He quickly dresses grabs his messenger bag slamming the front door on his way out.

Chapter 2

Will's day is filled with frustrating moments of hurry up and wait. All the scrambling in the more has left him feeling off kilter.Like he's on a tilt a whirl with no operator, it's quit distorting. He picks up some cold case files to look over as well as some more grading to take home, when the tilt a whirl ride finishes.. On the way home he stops to pick up some more whiskey. He needs to replenish the bar considering he drank two thirds of the bottle last night.

The haggard teacher enters the house, looks around flipping on the lights as he drops his coat and shoes in the foyer, slings his messenger bag onto the study's sofa and upon reaching the kitchen setting the whiskey bottle down on the counter. He takes off the constricting tie, unbuttoning the top two buttons and laying it with his blazer on the back of a chair. Will cracks his neck as he grabs a glass opening the whiskey bottle. He pours two fingers which he slings back into his throat hissing through his teeth at the burn moving down his chest. Will pours another two fingers before he shuffles over to the fridge.

The teacher opens the freezer door grabbing one of his microwave meals looking at the instructions heading toward the microwave. The lights suddenly go off. "Shit" he sighs. Will notices the hallway light is still on,maybe it's just the fuse box. The profiler starts his quest to find the fuse box. He finds it in the laundry room area. Will flicks the switch, which are carefully labeled, but nothing happens. Will searches for any additional breaker boxes,discovering nothing he heads back to the kitchen.

"Well. fuck it. I am too tired to eat anyway." he grumbles deciding to just get his whiskey to curl up with some papers to grade. Will enters the kitchen to the gas stove turned on with a frying pan and a pot set nearby on the counter. On the other side of the range is a cutting board with the knife set sitting open with one blade on the cutting board. All the ingredients for a dinner have been laid out in bowls or other containers, like a cooking lesson. It looks like some type of Asian stir fry.

The teacher cautiously approaches as the hair stands up on his neck.The trash can has been pulled to the center of the room with all his canned and microwave meals thrown away with extreme prejudice.

Will huffs picking them out of the trash can. "Hey that's wasting money you know. My money, besides I don't have the time or the inclination to cook." he sounds irritated more

than frightened. Indignation pumps through his chest. The teacher is unfazed by the sudden appearance of the food on the counter but upset about the food in the trash. What does it say about Will Graham? Growing up poor with the mantra 'waste not want no't is ingrained in his fundamental makeup.

He puts the cans soundly on the counter going back to the trash to retrieve the frozen meals when he finds all the cans back in the trash. Will growls, as he turns the can over dumping the food onto the floor.He slings the can across the floor like a petulant child. The teacher feels like a toddler throwing a tantrum. He begins to feel guilty immediately about his behavior. He is going to apologize when he sees the can back with all the food in it. It mocks him. Will walks toward the can which slides out of his reach.He steps again toward the can as it is pulled away again.

The profiler crosses his arms tapping his foot.Will throws his hands up in surrender.”Fine! I get it, you don’t like my taste in quick cuisine. I don’t feel like eating anyway.” Will grabs the bottle of whiskey and his glass drinking the amber liquid down as he heads to the study, ignoring the food laid out. Will reaches the door as he crosses the threshold, he finds himself back at the counter the whiskey bottle and glass where he first placed them.

The teacher stands very still. His heart hammering inside his chest. Will looks around. He gingerly picks up the glass and bottle again. There is no more whiskey in the glass when he looks inside it. Will turns around to the door that leads to the hallway again. He walks slowly, cautiously to the doorway again. He pauses weighing his options whether he wants to cross again. Will finds he must and does put his foot out the door.Only to discover, he is back at the counter again bottle and glass on the counter.

“Fuck.”he breathes out. What do you say in a situation where an unseen entity wants you to cook dinner. The teacher nods his head breathing deeply. “Okay..I’ll cook but I don’t know what I need to do..So if your precious sanctuary burns down, you have yourself to blame.” Will feels a breeze sweep around him and he swears he hears an amused chuckle.

Will attempts to unscrew the cap off the bottle but finds it is a vain endeavor. “Oh come on! I deserve a drink.” The bottle slides away. A reprimand. A dominant action that this is not a request but a command.

Will stands with his eyes glued to the whiskey bottle. A sane man would run from the house as soon as they saw all the food laid out from thin air. The same sane man would be

screaming down the hall after the fight over the trash can. Here stands Will unable to leave even if he could summon the strength to move from that spot, whomever or whatever has decide he is going to cook.

The profiler wipes a shaky hand across his brow as pulling air into his lungs feels like a chore. He fills them to capacity letting it out. “I guess I’ll wash my hands.” he walks over to the sink holding onto the counter for support. After he dries his hands, he walks to the cutting board. An onion sits on the board waiting to be chopped.

“I need some light to cook so I don’t chop off a finger or burn..”his words are stolen as three of the overhead lights illuminates the counter and the stove. “Um..thanks.”

Will cuts the vegetables as they appear on the cutting board. Will’s mind stays focused on the task at hand. He is afraid to let his mind stray fearing serious injury. The profiler feels it’s best not to argue with the entity for a while.He may wind up in the middle of a crowded mall and never be able to leave as punishment.

The quiet of the kitchen is soothing, in the beginning, a calm after the storm but now it feels oppressively quiet. Will never realized how much ambient noise was in his quiet isolated home. The dog’s whining, clicking of their nails on the wood floor, whimpers combines with the sounds from the woods is a constant static in the background of his thoughts. Here...here in this huge house..he can't even hear the traffic from the street. Which is odd considering, even though the area is quiet and exclusive, you would expect to hear dogs,sirens,cars or the wind even. There is nothing but silence.

“Is the house sound proof?” he asks out loud. Will feels like someone has stopped in the middle of a task looking at him.The teacher feels warm air brush past his ear, as the sound system lights up with classical music coming from hidden speakers.

“I’ll take that as a yes. I appreciate the music. It must be stifling when there is no music or conversation for you to indulge in.” the profiler says scooting the cutting board over to the stove with the cut up vegetables on it.

He feels out of his depth in what social interaction is acceptable to whatever it was keeping him here for a mandatory cooking lesson. But to be fair, he is always out of his depth with all

people seen... and apparently, now unseen as well. However in the back of his mind, Will knows the entity is pleased he noticed how it sometimes feels in the oppressive silence.

Will notices the frying pan has been placed on the flame for him. There is a bottle of coconut oil and some kind of meat..looks like pork beside the stove. He adds the oil and meat to the pan listening to the sizzle. Will finds a chilled glass of white wine sitting at the cutting board. The teacher knows it's a reward. He considers refusing but under these circumstances, he'll take what he can get.

"I'm not much of a wine person but thanks." The teacher drinks a sip. "That's good." he feels a brush of air across his hand. He sets the wine down turning back to the pan of meat. The teacher adds the vegetables later to the pan along with a brown sauce. The entity does allow the profiler to use his rice in bag. After everything is done he transfers everything to a plate. Will pilfers threw the drawers finding some cutlery.Taking it out, he then notices that his plate is gone and the dining room's lights are on.

Will takes his wine and cutlery stepping slowly into the dining, sighing with relief when he sees he is still in the dining room. His plate is at the table. A fire has been started in the fireplace. Wills sits and tucks into the food. He hums his approval.

"It's good actually.Who would have thought, I could make something like this but I did have a persistent teacher." he comments.

A trendal of pleasure circulates through the air as all his senses tingle. Will muses if this phenomena of feeling an unseen entities emotions that linger in the atmosphere is something he is keen to because of his empathy or can anyone notice it.

If he knew someone working the paranormal field, he would ask but as it is, it's best he keeps the question to himself for now. The teacher has a reputation as a freaky, touchy, twitchy profiler as it without delving into the avenue of paranormal. Will looks around at the decor of the room. His eyes land on the Lydia and the Swan above the fireplace. His eyes twinkle as he smiles.

"I bet that was quit a conversational starter."he says motioning to the painting.

Will cleans his plate clean and drinks all of his wine. “Delicious and thank you. I hope you plan on cooking for me everyday since all my money is in the trash can.”

He groans as he gets up carrying plate and glass into the kitchen placing them in the sink. The teacher decides he’ll clean the mess up later or in the morning. The whiskey is gone but Will just shakes his head as the heads to the study.

When he reaches the study he finds his whiskey and a full glass on the end table waiting for him. His messenger bag has been placed on a chair by the door. The teacher picks up his bag picking out the papers to grade. He sighs a long suffering sigh. “Let the madness begin” he mumbles.

Will works till midnight. The teacher senses someone reading behind him again.He makes no snarky comment rendered quiet from the earlier encounter. He puts all the papers away before he picks up the empty bottle and glass. The teacher stumbles slightly as he turn off the light. Will shouldn’t have had so much to drink considering he had wine as well. ‘Too late now’ he sighs. He throws the bottle away and turns to the sink. All the dishes are washed and everything put in it’s proper place.

“I bet that would have drove you crazy all night left undone. OCD much?” he snarks.

Will turns off the light heading up the stairs unaware of the man following behind him in his pristine three piece suit. The man has a micro smile on his face that could be construed as almost any emotion the observer projects their own meaning to it. He smile does reach his eyes with amusement and surprise. He’s not been this intrigued in many many years. The man walks with Will into the bedroom watching his simple nightly routine. Will turns off the lights falling quickly into sleep. The man sits in a chair observing him for awhile.Then fades away slowly.

At three am, Will wakes with a start. It wasn’t a night terror waking him up drenched in sweat. It wasn't that he had slept walked somewhere like the roof. No..it was a small noise...and a light coming from downstairs. Will grabs his service pistol heading quietly downstairs. The lights were creeping out underneath the living room door. The door is

cracked open. Will uses his weapon to slide the door open slowly what the sees is not an intruder.

There is a stags head with a naked girl pressed onto the antlers. They pierce her body. Her torso skin flayed. Her chest cracked open lungs gone. Her face is turned toward Will as he sees crows peak at her. His breathing staggers then picks up speed. The teacher doesn't know where to look. He checks the room for anyone who might be hiding. None. His phone is upstairs he launches himself upstairs grabbing his phone to take pictures and call Jack. Will runs down the steps nearly breaks his neck when his ankle twist on the second step from the bottom. He burst into the room to find..nothing. absolutely nothing but furniture. Where was everything? There was no way that was an hallucination. Not with the smell..the crows….the blood pooling everywhere coating the air with coppery red smell. No no No!

"Mother fucker!" he yells spinning around. "What's your game? Feeding me seems like an act of concern...of...friendship. Then you show me this shit! I see this at work all the time! It doesn't scare me like the other people who have stayed here! Now I am just pissed off because I was having the best sleep I've had in weeks!" Will stomps upstairs.

Will puts his weapon away.He gets back into bed in a huff throwing the covers over himself grumbling. The teacher lays there what seems like hours playing the scene over and over again in his mind until he gives up getting up at five thirty. He showers, gets dressed and leaves for a breakfast out before heading into work with the evidence of lack of sleep ringed under his eyes.

This continues for several weeks. A cooking lesson and then a tableau. The second time it happened, Will has brought his phone done with him. The teacher snaps a picture to find, what he suspected, nothing but the furniture of the room. That evening Will brings home a box of latex gloves. When he is awoken that night, he puts on the gloves and touches the body. He can smear the blood, the skin of the corpse gives underneath his fingertip and he can move a piece of clothing. Will sighs throws away the gloves returning to a fitful rest.

The fourth time, he walks in and lets the pendulum swing reliving the murder through the killer's eyes. His breath hitches and stutters as he comes out of his imagination. The invisible man stands in a corner watching the profiler curiously like watching a play unfold on stage.

“This gruesome spectacle is...a work of art. Elegant in it’s design and meticulous in its execution. You have raised the materials from ordinary to something sublime. All artists want to be seen and their work admired. Bravo.” the profiler says sincerely as he lingers a few moments longer before he turns out the light heading back to bed. The invisible man smiles preening in the lavish praise of the new occupant of the house. The next morning Will finds fresh coffee and a protein scramble waiting for him.

The teacher is shifting through his notes and slides of a rudimentary lecture he gives every semester. He knows it by heart but checks all the details anyway. It wouldn’t due to make a mistake in front of the FBI trainees. As Will shifts and clicks he passes one slide after another. Suddenly, he stops and clicks back, there larger than life is one of the entity’s works of “art”. Will is stunned, his heart beating rapidly his palms sweaty. The teacher jumps when he hears students laughing coming into the classroom.

After classes, Will checks out several boxes from evidence. Will looks at the contents of the boxes carefully, reading the enclosed reports and shifting through the pictures. A plan unfolds in his mind from the revelation of what maybe in the house..or who it is there.Will opens a browser on his laptop tapping in key phrases to research.Electricity shoots down his spine, as his collar feels too tight. His jacket to close and stifling. The teacher reads for a little longer before he powers down the laptop gathering his things to leave for the day.

Will makes a point on the way home to pick up a good Merlot. He puts away his things heads to the kitchen. Where he opens the wine letting it breath as he retrieves two glasses from the cabinet. The teacher pours wine in both glasses. Will picks up one glass leaning against the counter eyes closed he smells the vino. He drinks a small sip letting the wine swirl over gums and teeth settling on his pallet. Excellent.

“If you care to join me, I will be in the study...Dr Lecter or would you prefer to be called, Chesapeake Ripper?”

Will takes his wine in hand meanders down the hall to the study to find a fire roaring. He sits in one of the leather chairs. As Will settles into the comfort of the supple leather he hears footsteps walk around his chair. The clink and side of a glass being placed on the small table between the two chairs. The teacher listens to the squeak of leather as someone takes a seat. Will swallows his hesitation, turning his blue eyes to look at a profile of the man beside him. The man is dressed in a three piece suit with gelled hair. An air of confidence and calm emanate from him as only the predator in his own lair can.The man turns looking at Will with red tinted eyes giving a small smile.

“Good evening Dr Lecter.”

“Good evening Will.”

Chapter 3

There is a few minutes of silence between Will and Hannibal while they listen to the hiss and pop of the fire. Will is lost in thought, he is struggling to decide what now. The whole wine and invitation was a spontaneous intuitive reaction, to the information he had undercover, as well as, his need to know that he is right. Will adjusts his glasses and takes a larger sip of wine.

“The wine is good. Thank you for the gesture.” Hannibal smiles breaking the ice for the mortal.

“You are welcome. Is there a wine cellar here or do you just..whatever you do?” Will waves his hands as he struggles for the correct term with the entity besides him. He notices Hannibal is wearing one of the suits from the walk in closet.

“There is wined stored in the basement. I also, do what I do.” a toothy grin proceeds the amused tone.

“I hate to assume things but I don’t believe you are a ghost, sorry, I am not sure of a better term.”

“That is perfectly fine William. I am not offended. That is correct I am not a ghost. I am other. How did you deduce I am not a spirit of the departed?” Red eyes reflect the glow of the fire, it makes Will shiver glancing way.

The teacher pops his neck focusing further in the flames. “It takes a lot of energy for a ghost or poltergeist do some of the things you have done, as far as I understand.” Will wipes his brow. It seems hotter than normal in here. “What are you exactly, if I may be so bold as to ask?”

Hannibal picks up his wine swirling it gently in the glass a micro smile hiding on his lips.” I am what you mortals call a genie. You look surprised, William. Were you thinking I was a demon?”

Will hums and nods jerkily looking like a kid with his hand in the cookie jar. “Yes. With the amount of death associated with the house. There also seems to have been quite a number of suicide and admissions to psychiatric facilities of former occupants.”

Will drains the last of the wine from his glass gently setting it back down. Hannibal watches Will intently. He is not even pretending to be discreet about it,Will scoffs in his head. The scrutiny makes Will bristles his hackles rising. The teacher knows the genie can see it but if Hannibal wasn’t hiding his true nature, neither would he. The teacher can be rude, prickly, snarky and often an asshole to people who do not listen to him. Will is well aware of his faults because it has been pointed out to him since he was a child.

What was the point of having all this empathy when people refused to use their own where he was concerned? As Will grew in maturity, using his empathy became more about self preservation than a skill for understanding the masses.It lets him find people’s mental/emotional vulnerability. Sometimes he would strike first going right for the jugular of the fear or misgivings without all the foreplay of threats. Other times, Will pokes the emotional tender spots seeing where his target was the most sensitive, then using the location as his strike zone.Most of Will’s life, he would only have to hint he knew their secrets, the bully was ashamed of and all attacks were stopped or decreased. Other times, a full fledged assault was called for when Will was bullied relentlessly. He decided his tormentors needed a lesson called, when you play you pay. The teacher has tore up enough bullies to know when he has been successful in his lesson.Even if they seemed unfazed.. They cried eventually, they always did.He could feel it, unfortunately he always empathized with them.

The teacher had honed this skill for finding darkness in a person to the point where slipping into killer’s mind is as effortless as breathing.A talent his superiors have exploited and used for years taxing it to the cusp of the breaking point.They fail to understand the limits and breaking point of his mind. Maybe if Will wasn’t a workaholic and so conditioned that being yanked to case after case was normal, he could push back demanding time to gather what little self the has up. This long term exhaustion and sudden fever makes conversation almost unbearable any more. The teacher clears his throat coming back to this conversation.

“I thought genies lived in a bottle?” the teacher asks looking at Hannibal’s pocket square.

“That is a myth I am afraid. Genie are attached to objects that are important to them. It defines us so to speak.”

A heart beat or two before an enlightened expression crosses Will's face."The knife set. When I rubbed the blade you were summoned." the teacher speaks quietly as though given his thoughts a voice would unleash something else.

"You are a clever boy aren't you?" the genie purrs in response as his micro smile becomes toothy. "I shall grant you a wish i think." Hannibal picks up his wine taking another sip. Will's wine glass fills itself.

Will watches his cup as a spring of wine wells up in his glass. "I thought genie's were suppose to give three wishes anyway? Thank you for the refill."

Hannibal nods his head in acknowledgement of the gratitude received for the wine. He tilts his head as the looks further into the fire place as though the is looking into the past.

"I am not that kind of genie."

"What kind are you?"

"I am more along the lines of the Arabic Djinn. We are associated more along the lines of angels and demons expect we have free will. I can choose whether to grant a wish or not. Make someone make a payment for that wish. We, like humans, can be good, evil or neutral in our actions." the genie observes the teacher's face as he mulls this statement over. It has been such delightful few weeks, Hannibal is feeling generous.

"Okay...Do you have physical or metaphysical laws you must adhere to or are you a free agent?" Will asks taking a larger than usual gulp of wine. The teacher feels a little bit queasy from too much wine and not enough lunch.

"Yes."

The teacher looks at the genie expectantly. The genies returns his stare nonplussed by the situation.”I suppose you're not going to divulge that information at the moment.” says Will.

“What fun would that be? If you ask the right questions I will answer them for you.I will tell you, that you need to decide what your wish will be. My feeling of generosity only last as long as my interest does.” Hannibal shifts in his seat adjusting his jacket before settling.

“You're bored easily then.I see.” the teacher hums lips turning inward inconsideration. This feels like a test. A man like Hannibal likes games, especially mind and word games. He’ll be looking for ways to twist the words of the wish to his advantage. Will berates himself for even thinking about taking this gift. Nothing..nothing in life is free. The genie possibly uses the wish to ensnare his victims somehow.

“Tick tock, professor Graham.” Hannibal’s smiles is reflected in the wine glass he holds.

“What shall I call you? Would you prefer Dr Lecter, Hannibal, Ripper or even CR?”” Will asks smirking stalling for more time.

Hannibal hums in thought. “I suppose Hannibal would be best. We are host and guest. Maybe even roommates or God forbid we become friends.”

“Can an all powerful entity really have friends? Or any relationship where all involved are equal?” Will places his wine glass back on the table the closes his eyes. He doesn’t see the wine keeps springing up from the glass filling it again and again. All the teacher knows, he is dog tired and the feels warm from the wine.

“No relationship is every truly equal even between mortals.”

“Where you mortal when you were killing as the Chesapeake Ripper?” Will yawns stretches his arms above his head before his hands fall to his hair. The teacher scratches his scalp vigorously. He’s not sure it will ensure he doesn't fall asleep but it feels good.

Hannibal watches Will's hands slide through his curls. The genie places a finger to his chin."I was a mortal man but I suspect you are already aware of that tidbit.The Ripper hasn't killed in many years. How do you know I haven't stopped all together?"

Will chuckles sliding down in his seat where his head rests on the back. It smells like leather, smoke and musty from years not in use. The teacher likes it because it smells familiar like a favorite book. "You can't stop because you don't want to. You didn't, as a mortal man called the Ripper or as a genie. You've been killing 'you guests' for years."

Hannibal nods his head in agreement. Before the genie can say anything, Will who hasn't opened his eyes yet continues." At first you killed people straight out as you have always done but something prevented you from displaying them. Are you trapped in the house? Or is that how you are returned to wherever you go when dismissed?"

Will opens one blue eyes. He can't gauge Hannibal's reaction to the questions he seems like a placid lake with unknown depths under the surface. The teacher thinks he may have hit a nerve, so he continues stroking and plucking the strings trying to get a decent sound out of Hannibal.

"Anyway, after a while that becomes boring. You are so easily bored with predictable. So you move on to manipulating people to kill their families, lovers or even themselves. It draws out the fun for you. I deduce that having someone go to the loony bin was second place in your book. Palatable but not as tasty as a killing, I am sure." Will snorts as the opens his eyes. His head lazily turns to facing the genie who is watching with a very pleased look on his face.

"I bet it really bites your ass that an introverted,reclusive prickly man. Who seems to have no family, no lover and no friends, well maybe a couple. But I am not inviting anyone over anytime soon. So all you have to torment is me."

Will laughs a loud self depreciating laugh as he barely manages to huff out between laughing spells. " I...am...halfway..there. I am considered unstable...so a step toward full fledged unadulterated insanity is a murder case away.Not much challenge." The teacher holds his sides as he laughs some more. Will knows it's really not all that funny but the wine seems to be lifting his spirits for a short moment.

The genie chuckles amused at the teacher's laughter. He shake his head as he folds his hand on his lap waiting out the fit. When Will finally seems to have settled back into his usual sulky silence, Hannibal says," Very good. Pure empathy. Dr Chilton must be pulling at the bit to get his hands on your brain. I must say seeing empathy, such as you have, is wondrous in action. Your a surprise William. I am delighted you have come to stay for awhile."

Will shrugs his shoulders looking like a sleepy toddler. He startles when Hannibal clears his throat.

"What's your wish?"

Will rubs his hand across his forehead knocking his glasses askew. "I would ask for my dogs but I am sure I would get a resounding rejection for that. I like the trick with wine glass but let's make it a never empty bottle of whisky...really good whiskey. I'll defer to you taste on the brand. I feel you taste fall more to the epicurean palate in all things." Will smiles, secretly laughing when Hannibal's nose twitched at the word "trick". Ego...good genie..will be your downfall, the teacher thinks.

"Out of everything you could ask that is what you want?"

"Yes. I am a simple man with simple needs." Will raises his hand moves it dismissively at his self image.

"Oh William. Simple is not a word I would use in describing you. I will grant your wish for the whiskey. I think I know of a brand that will uplift your palate from the swill you've been drinking.Who knows you may learn to enjoy the finer things in life."

"As you did?"

"Exactly as I have."

Chapter 4

Will wakes up the next morning scrubbing his face contemplating Hannibal. Did he meet a real genie? The scent of coffee and breakfast tickles his senses. ‘If it is a dream, at least I am getting breakfast.’ he huffs a laugh. The profiler rolls himself out of bed going to the bathroom starting his day.

The profiler walks downstairs to Hannibal’s sanctuary. Hannibal is placing a plate of breakfast on the counter along with coffee. The genie looks up smiling.

“Good morning Will. I’ve made breakfast.”

“Thank you.” Will says picking up the coffee. He looks at his watch calculating what time he needs to leave for work. The profiler sits down discovering his messenger bag sitting in the chair next him. Will looks at the genie in silent query.

“I took the liberty of putting everything back in your bag for you.”

“Thanks again. Do you cook for all your guest?” the profiler takes a bite humming in approval.

“No, not always. Sometimes the guests are the menu.” Hannibal smirks watching Will nearly chokes on his breakfast. Will grabs his coffee taking a drink.

“Be careful Will. It would be a pity to be on the menu so soon.”

Will stares at Hannibal wiping his mouth with a napkin. After a few moments he grins and laughs.

He shakes his head in disbelief. A genie with his dark sense of humor.

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

Will and Hannibal finish breakfast in companionable silence. The profiler places his plate in the sink. Hannibal hands him a thermos of coffee.

“Thanks . This feels so domestic. I feel like a should kiss you goodbye.” The profiler quips gathering his bag up.

“If you insist.”

“Ummm..no.” Indecision stops Will at the doorway to the hall. He sighs. The profiler should say something but what do you tell a serial killer genie who fixes you breakfast when you are heading out the door. It’s not like they are *Ozzie and Harriet* or anything.

“I guess I’ll see you this evening sometime.” he says without turning around. Hannibal smirks watching Will walk toward the foyer. The genie fades away.

Will’s lecture is about serial killers that have never been captured. He smirks when he comes to the Chesapeake Ripper. How the genie would love this lecture. Will questions how Hannibal become a genie. Would the gene tell him if asked? Will mentally shrugs his shoulders. After his lecture, Will stops by his office that is barley used to find some files he has stored there.

Will finds the files, within a few minutes of searching. He opens his bag he sees the case of chef knives inside. He picks them up with a quizzical look on his face.

“What the hell?” the profiler says pulling out the case.

“That’s a much more amusing magic word then abracadabra.” comes a smooth accented voice from behind Will.

The profiler jumps in fright dropping the case. He scowls at the genie.

“What the fuck!? Why are you here?” Will pants holding on to his chest. He bends to gather the case up.The profiler trembles with the adrenaline rushing through his veins.

The genie chuckles. “Maybe you should sit and calm yourself. I am here because I wanted to listen to you lecture. I was impressed with your insights. You should have a small question and answer time for your students. They need guidance. ”

Will sits slamming the case down throwing his glasses on the desk. They glide across the table heading towards the edge. Hannibal catches them with swift reflexes. The profiler rubs his eyes as his jaw clenches.

The door opens suddenly by an Asian woman in jeans and red shirt under her lab coat. She has a file in her hand looking down at it.

“Hey Will. Jack says..”she stops when you sees Hannibal standing in the room.

“Oh I am sorry. I didn’t know you had a visitor.” a smile curls her lips.

“That’s fine Beverly. What about Jack.” the profiler directs his attention at the woman. He hopes he can draw her attention away from the genie. The profiler knows Hannibal is playing some kind of game. Will doesn't’ know what it is yet.

Beverly looks back and forth between the two men.Hannibal sticks out his hand walking to the woman. They clasp hands shaking.

“Will can be terrible rude sometimes. Please over look him, won’t you? I am Dr Hannibal Lecter. and you are?”

“Beverly Katz. We over look Will all the time.” she laughs at Will’s glare. “How do you know each other.”

The men look at each other both speak at the same time “Friend” “Landlord.”

Beverly laughs while Hannibal smirks and Will rolls his eyes crossing his arms.

“I am both fortunately. I am Will's friend and he is staying with me while his house is under construction.” the genie looks at the profiler.

Will wants to slap that smug look off his face.Now he will have to answer all the probing and prodding questions from his coworkers.A burly African American appears at the door.

“Am I disturbing you Will?” he says looking at Beverly and Hannibal. His eyes look at Hannibal tacking in the man in his three piece suit. Will knows his boss, Jack Crawford, is profiling him in his head.

“No Jack. Come join the party.” Will motions him in with a sarcastic tone and flourish of his hand.

Jack and Hannibal make introductions as they shake hands.

“Your name is familiar. Didn’t you write an article on social exclusion?”

“Yes I did.”

“Wonderful piece. Are you in private practice?”

“I am with. I have a very small client list at the moment. Do you need an appointment, agent?”

Jack smiles. “No. I am always looking for people with interesting ways of thinking to consult for the BAU.”

“I would endeavor to do my best for you.” Hannibal nods his head. “But I am sure WIll is hard act to follow.”

Jack nods placing his hands in his pockets. “He is one of our best. Will saves a lot of lives. Well. I need to go. Beverly, I need your repost a.s.a.p. Nice meeting you Dr Lecter. Will.” the agent nods his head as the turns on his heel walking towards the elevator.

“Will, I am not able to read this word on your notes. Could you enlighten me,please.” Beverly flips open the file folder pointing to a certain word.

Will walks over then peers over her shoulder. It takes the teacher a moment to recognize the word as well. His handwriting has been illegible as of late. The tremors that the experiences when his body temperature goes up, makes it almost impossible to write. The teacher has dismissed these shakes to exhaustion.

“It’s erratic.” he says looking at Hannibal. The profiler gives the genie a ‘what till we are alone’ look.

“Okkkkay. Never would have figured that’s what it was.” Beverly closes the folder then suddenly taps Will in the chest with it. He jumps with an annoyed expression. “Oh before I forget. Got any plans for Halloween Friday night?”

“No not really. I was going to go over some cold case files this weekend.”

“Talk about scary stories. The guys and I are going to Cinema Scope theater. It's a bar where they show classic films. They are having a Halloween black and white film festival. You should come. You can bring your friendly landlord here.” she smiles at Hannibal winking. Hannibal gives her a small smile.

“I’ll think about.” Will says as he nervously twitches his hand near his thigh. The genie observing every twitch and involuntary movement of the profiler. Will glances at the genie. ‘He’s cataloging me.’ The thought makes Will clench his muscles tighter attempting to appear unfazed.

“Okay. I gotta go. Thanks. Nice meeting you, Dr Lecter. Hope to see you Friday night.” a slight lilt is in her voice. Her hand resting on the doorknob.

“Nice meeting you as well, Agent Katz.”

With that she closes the office door. Her silhouette moving behind opaque glass looking like a ghostly image. Will crosses his arms glowering at the genie. The genie brings out the profilers glasses.He opens the earpieces and places them on Will’s nose pushing them gently up. Will reflexly flinches from the close proximity of Hannibal. He feels the warmth of Hannibal’s hands and breath. They are so close, Will swears he can feel a brush of lips on his cheek.

The genie chuckles eyes narrowing enjoying the discomfort of the other. Hannibal tilts his head waiting for the onslaught of demands and queries. They are sure to follow in the wake of his appearance and introduction to Will’s co workers. Will sighs running his hand through his hair.

“What if Jack comes looking for your private practice, Dr Lecter.” the profiler bites out.

“He’ll find it, Will. You need to relax more.I see you do have friends to invite over. We should have them for dinner sometime.” Hannibal mouth curls in a wicked smile.Delight lingers in his dark eyes, as the genie fantasies about the manipulation of the FBI agents.

“Oh yeah. That sounds great! It’s just a little cannibalism with a fine merlot. Later games! A scavenger hunt for weapons and body parts perhaps.” the profiler answers sardonically. His voice rises an octave as has he stomps to his desk.

“I’ve never played that party game before. I am intrigued. My usual intimate parties are more…”Hannibal appears near Will’s ear, a ghost of a breath tickles the curls behind the profiler’s ear. “...sensual,hedonistic,erotic in nature.” the genie smiles. The watches a flush spread from Will’s cheeks all the way down his neck.

Will whips around to find the genie moves quick as smoke fills a room. He turns pointing his finger at Hannibal. “Stay away from me! If you dare send them invitations to a dinner party..so help me..”

Hannibal eyes cold. His waiting for the threat of violence, a very foolish option for the man behind the desk. “What?” comes the single word so cold it has icicles dripping from it.

“I’ll terminate the lease and never teach about your murders again.” he growls. The profiler knows where to hit a narcissist where it hurts. It kills Lecter to think his legacy may be forgotten.

The genie puts up his hands in a placating gesture. “No dinner invitations. I suppose it would be out of character for you. They will think you're instability has gotten the best of you.” The genie knows where to hit as well. The man who bulks at therapy with a fear of mental illness looming over his mind.

An unspoken staleman hangs in the air between the man and the genie. Will breaks eye contact placing the knife case into his messenger bag. He wipes his sweaty brow. Now, Will can’t remember why the came into his office for before he was distracted.

“You should go home Will. You look unwell.”

“I feel like shit. Somebody has kept waking me up in the middle of the night.”

“But your night terrors kept you up long before me.”

Will inspects the messenger bag in front of him. the profiler fiddles with the zipper ties. He knows Hannibal is not solely to blame for his exhaustion. It’s unlikely the genie would feel guilt over it if he was to blame. He rolls his shoulders sore from tension and fatigue. He groans.

“I am heading home.” he shuffles to the door. He assumes the genie will walk with him out of the building. Hannibal wants to be seen by as many people as the can. Now that he is out and of he bottle so to speak. The genie’s soft footfalls in step with Will’s own.

“I’ll make dinner tonight for you.”

“That’s very magnanimous of you but...I’m not in the mood for people tonight.”

Will holds his breathe.The itch in the back of his mind reveals what’s underneath the layer of unconsciousness. A constant nettling that the type of trophies the Ripper took were significant somehow is exposed.His strides slow.

“ Have you been serving me people?” the profiler asks. His mind scans all the countless files and reports about the Ripper. His favored surgical trophies are parts that can be consumed.

The pendulum swings, Will stops in mid step. He studies the images of Hannibal killing and pulling out organs. Those images alternate with Hannibal cooking and serving them to his guests. The profiler feels his stomach heave.

“Oh my God! You weren’t joking this morning that’s what you did!”

Will eyes flies open as the locates the nearest restroom. He goes inside, dry heaving into the toilet. When he feels like his stomach is settled enough. The profiler walks to the sink, turning on the tap. He cups his hand for water the swishes around his mouth. Then he

splashes his face. He feels Hannibal holding a towel out for him.Will takes it with a muttered thanks.

Hannibal's eyes are filled with amazement and pride when Will finally looks the genie's way.

"Remarkable boy! Your such a treasure to delve into my work coming out with the insights you do. I have a half a mind to keep you locked up with me."

Will freezes as the rubs his glasses with the towel. He's like a fawn caught in headlights. The profiler resumes his rubbing replying, "It must be gratifying not hiding any more."

He places the glasses back on his face. His hand on the cool sink as he faces Hannibal.

"Yes it is. I will give another wish for your understanding." Hannibal smiles.

"Do I have to decide right now. I really just want to rest my mind." the profiler says with the feeling of a little queasiness hanging on to his stomach.

"No. You are unwell. I'll give you a couple days to decide.Come let's get you home." Hannibal places a hand on Will's back steering him toward the door. Will doesn't protest. He just wants to be home in bed, in his home with his dogs and the quiet of the woods.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> I am not following the timeline of the show. I am using elements as pawns for my own dastardly plans...not beta..

A deep breath and heavy sigh following fills Will's bedroom. It's three am. Fucking three am, here he lays awake.He scrubs the palms of his hands over his face trying to rub out the itchy feeling of restlessness.

"Some days..I really fucking hate my life." he says to himself.

"Why is that?" asks a voice in the dark.

Will jerks in alarm. The teacher hears a chuckle near the bed.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you." the smooth accented voice of the genie purrs.

"No, your not. I don't know why you startled me. It's not like I don't know you're there." Will looks in the direction he suspects Hannibal is watching him from.

A black smoke billows and forms into a human silhouette finally settling into the person suit of Hannibal. The genie is wearing flannel pants and a sweater. His hair looks mussed as though the genie has been asleep. Will narrows his eyes in thought. 'Do genies sleep?' Hannibal eats but does he need to?' the teacher wonders. His empathy tells Will it is because the genie enjoys it, nothing more.

"How are you feeling?" Hannibal sits on the end of the bed at Will's feet. He pulls one leg up on the bed appearing at ease in the space.

“Better than I was. I am still hot. I feel restless. My legs feel the need to move but my mind wants to stay buried in blankets of sleep.” Will looks into the dark.

The room is nearly pitch black there is so little ambient light from the outside. The absence of the moon makes his night vision strain as he concentrates on shapes of things hiding in plain sight.The teacher clears his throat pulling the covers closer to him. Will suspect Hannibal can see perfectly in the dark. It make the teacher uneasy. He’s at a disadvantage in a house that is not his.

“Hmmm..maybe some tea would help settle you.Maybe some warm milk?” the genie muses

“Probably.” is the mumbled response.

The light on the night stand slowly glows to life. The strength of the light is between a night light and low wattage bulb. Like one of those light that gradually comes on so your body’s own rhythm gradual wakes into full alertness. Much appreciated from the intense lights that have bothered Will most of yesterday. Hannibal holds a cup of steaming tea in his hand.

“Sit up. I have some for you.”

“What’s this going to cost me?” Will looks suspicious as he wiggles into a sitting position.

The genie chuckles. “Nothing. My kitchen is always open for friends.” he hands the cup closer to Will, who finally takes it from him.

“Friends? Are we friends, Hannibal?” The teachers takes a sip. Will hums as he nods his head. Perfect. Nothing less than perfect.

Hannibal tilts his head. “Yes..I believe are heading down that pathway.”

“I don’t suppose you would give me any insight into what being regarded as your friend is like.”

The genie blinks at Will. He likes watching the teacher squirm in the looming silence. He barely shows a smile in amusement.

“That’s what I thought.” Will says.

He groans as he stretches to place the empty teacup on the night stand. The teacher absently scratches his head. He feels a little more settled in his bones. Will blinks slowly as his eyes feel heavy with sleep. Will looks at the hazey form of the genie.

“Did you drug me?” he slurs as his body seems to move down underneath the covers.

“No William. Not drugs. Magic.” the genie pulls the covers tight underneath the teacher’s chin. Hannibal brushes errant curls away from Will’s forehead but they spring back into place.

“Good night, Will.”

Later that morning Will wakes. He feels refreshed. Finally some quality sleep, he’s not even groggy from the drugs..no..no..what did Hannibal say? he asks himself..oh yes magic. Will shakes his head as the gets out of bed to start his day. The teacher looks down when he feels something sticking to his feet.

They are covered in earth with blades of grass, sticks, leaves and small stones gathered between toes and along nails. Will now notices the musky odor of natural decay.’What the hell!’ Will feels dread creep around his calves lying at his feet. His breath stutters as he sits back on the bed. He vainly attempts to recall any dreams where he might have wondered around in the night. The teacher can’t remember dreaming anything at all.

Will shuts his eyes. He contemplates calling out to Hannibal. The teacher feels ridiculous crying out for help. He does anyway.

“H..Han..Hannibal!”

“Good morning Will.”

Without opening his eyes, Will asks “Did I sleep walk last night?”

“No.”

“No?!” Will eyes snap open he points to his feet “My feet are covered in mud!”

“I don't’ see anything Will.”

The teacher looks down. His feet are clean, almost pristine. Will’s eyebrows furrow he clutches his head.

“They were dirty! They were covered in mud! I swear.”

Will feels unnerved by this change in his perception. It almost seems worse he hallucinated the mud on his feet then actually sleeping walking around in mud.The teacher at looks Hannibal. His mask shows concern and little surprise.

“Are you feeling okay? You’ve been under a lot of stress. You’ve had a fever as well.”

WIll nods. “Yeah..that’s probably what it is..stress. Sorry. I am going to take a shower now.”

Will gets up quickly passing by Hannibal heading into the bathroom. The teacher keeps his eyes averted in embarrassment. Hannibal watches him till the door closes he smiles before disappearing to the kitchen.

Will heads downstairs following the aroma of coffee. He walks into the kitchen finding the genie in front of the stove spatula in hand.The teacher nods to Hannibal as he pours himself some coffee, Will blows across the rich beverage before taking a tentative sip.

“Jack called.”

Will looks at Hannibal. “On my phone?”

“Yes. I took the liberty of answering the phone in your stead. He says he needs you at a crime scene. I was extended an invitation to join you there.I accepted of course.”

Hannibal turns halfway towards Will. Long enough to smile at Will before turning back to the skillet he is cooking with.

Will groans.The teacher puts his coffee down placing hands on his hips. He rocks as though he is about to take flight. He looks stalled in which direction he wants to go. Instead Will seems to turn in a small circle before landing toward the counter, hands placed on top, shoulders hunched and his head hanging down. His teeth are bared in a grimace.

“You seem agitated Will.” Hannibal smirks as he pokes the proverbial wolf with a stick.’Yes. a wolf suits William.’ is the conclusion the genie draws.

“You have talent for stating the obvious, Doctor Lecter.” Will raises his head glaring at Hannibal’s back.

“ I know what my wish is.” Will pushes off the counter leaning his hip against crossing his arms.

“I am listening.”

“I wish for you to return to where you came from.”

“Denied. Try something else.” comes a flat response.

“Okay. That none of my coworkers have ever met you. Better yet. Never heard of you.”

“Also denied. Really William, I expected a lot more from you. Try one more time or I’ll think of something to do gift you with.”

The genie flips a pancake onto a plate. The begins platting the breakfast his has made for them. Hannibal seems to be ignoring the brooding teacher but he is very conscience of every move the other makes.

“Please don’t do me any favors.” a sarcastic huff of air follows the remark.

Hannibal tsks as he cocks an eyebrow at the teacher in warning. Will stiffens as he recognizes the chastenet. Will looks down at his shoes. The left toe has duct tape over it. The soles on both feet are starting to come apart. He’s had them since...it’s been so long he can't recall when he purchased them.

“I want a new pair of work boots.”

Hannibal places the plates on the bar. Will swipes his mug of coffee walking over to where the plates are placed. He doesn’t sit down. The teacher knows there isn’t much time before Jack is breathing down his neck to get his ass there. Wherever there is.

Hannibal turns toward him. “Done. Have a seat and eat.” the genie indicates the stools.

Will looks down the a has a very comfortable dark leather work boots on his feet. They look like Red Wings. The teacher smiles nodding his head. He figures if there is payment to be made it will relatively small. He scrunches his toes feeling the smooth insert with satisfaction before he sits down.

“I am not sure we have time for us to sit, do we?”

“Of course we do. I can make sure we arrive on time.” Hannibal smiles broadly.

Will rolls his eyes picks up his fork.”Magic carpet?”

Hannibal smiles as the pops another bite into his mouth.

The crime scene is crowded with local authorities as well as FBI personal. There is a smattering of media. Will wonders how Jack was able to keep this under wraps. The two men are escorted through the throng of people under the yellow tape.

Jack motions Will over to a bed where two corpses have been transformed into angels. Their wings are their own flesh flayed from their backs. They are held open with wire. The couple is in a kneeling prayer position. A motel bed with a hideous motel comforter has an indention from someone sleeping as he was guarded by his unearthly protectors.

Hannibal is in awe of the display. Crude, yes but sublime in the attempt at transfiguration of a lump to art. Will feels the genie’s glee. The teacher wishes he could smack the shit out of the genie. Hannibal’s delight fans the fires of his own admiration. To be free to share it, frightens and thrills Will to no end. He takes a deep breath. The teacher requests a sheet of plastic so he can lay among the angels.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

A little Christmas cheer. :) unbeta

Before the Christmas Holiday, Will was able to solve the Angel Maker's case. He did not catch the Angel Maker because the killer commits suicide. For a bloody run, the case wraps up neatly as Christmas present complete with angel.The man hangs himself from the rafters of a barn with his flesh made into wings. Will sees a parting vision from the killer's point of view. His head is in flames as his guilt and sin consumes him. Will sweats as his fevers rises. Wiping a shaky hand across his brow the leaves the barn quickly. He needs to leave right now.

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Will sighs as the enters the house. He smells Hannibal cooking something delicious. Since Hannibal had tagged along with Will to Quantico, by placing the knife set inside the messanger bag, the profiler has doubled check his bag every morning. The genie has been sullen for the past week and half.

Will hangs his coat up toeing off shoes. The profiler then walks toward the kitchen when he glances into the living room. He stops then turns around returning to the room's doorway.Will cranes his head around the corner. He spies a six foot evergreen tree decorated with lights and antique ornaments. It's absolutely beautiful. Will smiles ruefully. Of coarse, Hannibal's Christmas tree would be lavish and artistically decorated. Will moves into the room, to take a closer look at the tree. The profiler circles it peering at the interesting ornaments. Will holds his hands behind his back, a habit from childhood to prevent touching. He studies them imagining the meaning behind each one.

Will suddenly smiles chuckling to himself. The profiler switches two ornaments. He wonders how quickly the OCD genie will notice the change. Will looks around the room taking in the other carefully placed Christmas decorations. Will has never been one to decorate for the holidays. It's not that he hates them, it's just seems pointless to do all the work when you are the only one who sees it. Will does, however, put up the dogs' Christmas stockings. He fills them Christmas eve.

Will exits the room continuing to the kitchen. The profiler stands in the door watching the genie work. Hannibal has chosen some Christmas music to listen to as he cooks. He continues inside the sanctuary sitting down at his regular seat.

“I would appreciate it if you did not rearrange my ornaments. Or any decoration for that matter. There are several fragile and sentimental decorations I wish to keep.”

Will laughs covering his mouth with his hand as his blue eyes twinkle. The profiler knew it! He knew it would irritate the genie to no end. Once he gets his laughing under control, he clears his throat before speaking.

“Sorry, I couldn’t resist.” he snickers “What are you fixin’.”

The last word has a southern flare to it. Will sighs when he is home or tired his southern accent comes through.Hannibal turns with a small smirk.

“For dinner a simple soup and bread. I am baking some holiday treats.”

“Nothing is ever simple with you Hannibal” Will snorts. “ I didn’t take you as a holiday type person.”

“What type person am I, Will?”

“A cannibal serial killer,who apparently has the Christmas spirit.”

“I enjoy the holiday’s immensely. The various types of food, the decorations,gift giving…”

Will interrupts “Don’t forget all the rude out there just waiting to made into figgy pudding. Hunting must of have been a dream for you during the Christmas season.”

“I’ve never made figgy pudding. I doubt the rude would add anything to it I would imagine. Hunting..yes very easy..I threw many dinner parties during the season. It definitely made stocking the freezer easier.”

Will shakes his head and snorts. He spies cooling racks with sugar cookies on them. The leans over hand extended to snatch one. Hannibal smacks his hand as quick as lightning. The genie shakes his head as he wags his finger at the profiler tsking.

“Not before dinner.”

“Geeze Mom..just one..that hurt by the way.” Will rubs his hand.

Hannibal smiles. “I know.”

Will huffs crossing his arms across his chest. A quiet ‘sadist’ is grumbled under his breath. The genie merely smiles. After a few moments of silence the genie turns facing Will.

“Are you having guests this season?”

“Absolutely not.” he gives Hannibal a poignant look.

“Please don't refrain from inviting guests on my account.”

“You're not the only reason. I usually just hang out with my dogs and entertain myself on Christmas. I like to take a break from the forced socialization of the season..the year actually.”

“Sounds lonely.”

“Sometimes.”

“No family?”

“I am not discussing my lack of family or my family dynamics with you.”

Will pushes himself to stand up. The profiler moves toward the cabinets as he wipes his sweaty hands on his pants.He feels sweat trickle down his spine.

“I think you're a little bigoted toward cannibal genies,Will.” Hannibal chuckles

“Nope, just toward psychiatrists.” Will says as he opens the cabinet pulling out plates. He takes them to the dining room.

The two men have fallen into a domestic routine as of late. Hannibal cooks and Will sets the table. After dinner, they clean the plates and the kitchen before retreating to the study. There Will grades papers and Hannibal reads. Sometimes they have an after dinner drink while having conversations about anything and everything.

Will hates to admit that the has grown accustomed to the routine. He has come to look forward to comfort and grounding.His mind is dire need of it lately. His daytime hallucinations have come to haunt him as much, if not more than, his nightmares torment him.

As Will sets the table he notices the decorations in the dining room. Only Hannibal can make bones of animals look festive and bright with holiday evergreen and bows. He places the plates on the table, then the bowls adding finally napkins and silverware. His thoughts drift to memories of Christmas past. It makes his bones ache and his mind burn. ‘Humbug’ he mutters to himself.

“Careful. Or three spirits may come to haunt you.” chides Hannibal as he carries in a soup turrin.

“As if you let anyone into your territory.”

“I would if it suits my purpose. Please have a seat.”

The genie smiles gesturing to Will’s place at the table. Will rolls his eyes sitting down.The men tuck into dinner.

***

The week of Christmas, Will receives invitations to parties and gatherings. Beverly coaxes him into giving a maybe to her party. He tells her he’s not sure what Hannibal’s plans are to which she smiles. The genie has been useful in some social situations,actually, he has just given Will a good excuse to decline social gatherings. Will guesses it must be like that for husbands asking their wives if something is on the schedule. Maybe a significant other would be an asset than a hinderance as the profiler has often thought. A little lie the often tells himself, to stave off loneliness and low self esteem growling in his ear. It tells him he is too broken to date.

Thinking about family and social interaction leads Will down the garden path of Christmas morning.Should he get the genie a present. The profiler chews his bottom lip as he struggles with the thought. ‘Shit!’ he thinks. Hannibal will more than likely get him something.

Will passes an antique shop on the way home. On impulse he turns the car around pulling into it’s parking lot. The profiler pushes the door in making the bell tinkle cheerfully. A disembody voice calls out a greeting and asks if any assistance is needed. Will answers in the negative stating he is “just browsing”. The profiler strolls through aisles of piled books, collectables and furniture. A book called,***European Butterflies and Moths*** by a W.F. Kirby, grabs Will’s attention.

It’s from the 1800’s with beautiful watercolors of the different butterflies. Will thinks of the genie’s vast book collection. For some reason, he feels this book needs to be in the Hannibal’s collection.

“The son of a bitch probably has it already.” he grumbles to himself.

It is Christmas. They are sort of roommates. Will sighs rolling his eyes at himself the takes the book to the cashier.

***

Two days later Will feels something cold touch his hand. It's hanging off the bed.He shifts mumbling something incoherent.The profiler feels an impatient push. Will lifts his head.

"Come on guys little me sleep a little longer." he grumps letting his face fall into his pillow once more.

His eyes snap open. Will looks down at his hand seeing Winston wagging his tail at him. The dog huffs a quiet bark.

"Winston?!" the profiler wonders if he is dreaming.

The dog barks louder. Will rolls out of bed dropping to the floor. He pets and hugs enthusiastically one member of his pack. The profiler senses a presence at the door. He raises his eyes looking at a smiling genie still his pajamas.He is leaning against the door frame arms and legs crossed.

"Merry Christmas Will. It's just for today though. All that hair, mess..just for today."

Will swears the genie shudders. Hannibal seems to be reassuring himself. Will laughs as he gives his thanks to the genie, stilling petting his dog.

The genie turns leaving Will and Winston to catch up. The profiler hears him going downstairs. Will sure it's to start breakfast. After a few moments of cuddling on the chilly floor. Will makes his way to the bathroom. He then puts on warmer pajamas padding down the stairs with Winston in tow.

Hannibal is making french toast along with bacon and eggs. Will sits sipping coffee sneaking Winston bacon,something he would never do at home. But here, after being apart for so long, it feels like a decadent indulgence with the added benefit of irritating his host. Hannibal and Will make idle chit chat over breakfast.

Will coaxes the genie into the living room instead of cleaning the dishes after they finish eating. The profiler blushes than after a moment of hesitation, he shyly hands Hannibal his gift.

“It’s nothing much but…”

“Thank you Will.”

The genie smiles as he opens the plain wrapping paper. He cocks an eyebrow turning the pages of the book. Will fidgets. The profiler can’t stand the anticipation of disappointment he knows will come from the genie. Hannibal will be gracious of course but still, what does Will know of refinement?

“If you have it or it’s not too you liking, I can return it.”

Hannibal looks at Will, as a genuine smile slips onto his mouth then up to his eyes.

“I love it Will. I don’t have this book. It’s actually rare and hard to find in such good condition. Thank you. I have something for you as well.”

“Oh I thought Winston’s visit was my gift. That’s all I needed, really.”

“No..I knew Winston would cheer you up.Here.”

A small colorful package appears beside Will. The profiler picks up the package. He resists the urge to shake it vigorously. He opens it to find some antique fly fishing lures as well as an

antique bamboo fly fishing rod. Will gasps. He realizes it was out loud when he hears Hannibal's chuckle. The profiler looks up at the genie smiling.

"Wow..all I can say..it's all wonderful! Thank you Hannibal."

"Merry Christmas Will."

"Merry Christmas Hannibal."

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

> Yikes! Been too long on an update for this..yes I kinda forgot about...But I foresee finishing this little one up within a couple more chapters. Thanks for reading all those who still are! Unbeta..

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will is running his hands over the newly installed counters in his kitchen in Wolf Trap. To say he is pleased in an understatement to the joy he feels about the prospect of returning to his sanctuary. His pack has thrived exceedingly well at the old farm he has housed them at but he misses them.He's missed the quiet of nature and the simple warmth of canine emotions. Though Hannibal's home is opulent it lacks the feel of a home. It sure as hell doesn't feel like Will's or anyone's for that matter, it's more of a set for an elaborate play. No one lives there, not even when Hannibal was human.

The genie is an interesting company there is no doubt there. Their conversations are insightful,thoughtful and sometimes heated. Their relationship has blossomed into something more like friendship. Even with this new found comradery, the empath has grown leery of Hannibal.The genie the master of donning the person suit has forgone that in favor of being transparent.He claims he is transparent for Will's sake, so he can trust Hannibal. Will is very familiar with the darkness that lives inside killers. Hannibal's darkness is like an infestation that devours everyone in its path. Every since the empath has moved into that gilded cage, he's nightmares are more vivid than ever. He has hallucinations and losing time.

Will's guard is lowered when his reality is molded by his imagination. Hannibal has given comfort and grounding for the exhausted agent. The genie's plans are in play but he feels the timetable may need to move up. The empath an intelligent fellow even though impaired by the illness ravening his mind will insist on a medical exam soon. Hannibal has subtle persuades the empath at the moment that everything happening is a result of an abused fatigued mental state.

The empath has grown more dependent on mental as well as physical sustenance from the genie. Hannibal knows fostering this dependency is tricky. He could become as dependent on Will as the man is on him. Maybe more so since Hannibal's fascination has turned into a

consuming obsession. The genie brushes this off as simply he has nothing else to occupy his time but Will Graham. Though lately, even he is having doubts about this excuse.

Will is confident the genie is being honest in word and deed, he knows it is more for Hannibal's amusement that he is willing to lay himself bare. The genie loves being seen and understood without tucking away what he desires. He desires Will. Physically,yes, but he desires his companionship. There is something to be said for the feeling of freedom without loneliness.

The genie has fostered some codependence between them. Will has observed how he feels when he misses one of the genie's meals or conversation.He is fully aware of what Hannibal is doing. The genie has noticed the empath pulling away from him ever so gently. The contractor is close to finishing all the repairs. With the warmer weather Will walks long treks out to his land inspecting it.

"What a quaint dwelling you have,William."

Will jumps turning around to see Hannibal looking out his kitchen window. The empath chuckles skimming his hand on the new countertop as he approaches the genie. He should be used to the genie appearing at opportune moments by now. They have a game it seems to see how long Will can make it out of the house without Hannibal finding a way to tag along. The empath assumed, at first, the knife set, Hannibal is bound, had to fully together for Hannibal to leave the house. He discovered this is not the case when he found Hannibal at a crime scene he was called out to. Will knew the knife set was laying on the counter in the kitchen. They were making dinner when the call came. Then Will discovered the soft leather case inside his coat pocket without the knives inside it. Hannibal explanation is that he didn't want Will to injure himself on the knives.

Before Will ventures out of Hannibal's home, he searches every crease and crevices of his clothing and his briefcase looking for anyway the genie could escape. Sometimes he finds it and sometimes he doesn't, today was a doesn't day.The empath is nervous that the genie knows where he lives. He pushes the thought out of his head. Ridiculous as though Hannibal could stalk him without being attached to the knife set.

"Thank you. I like it."

“Terribly remote is it not?”

Will shrugs. “For most yes but not for me.”

“You are looking forward to returning,yes?”

Will hums in agreement small smile on his face. He draws in a lung full of happy anticipation.

“Are you going to put me back before you leave or will I remain free for the next tenants?”

The hair raises on the back of Will’s neck. He had not thought about that at all. He looks at the smirk on the genie's face.He knows that look. Hannibal is planning something.Will needs to put him back and find a way so no one can summon him again. Where is a magical cave when you need one?

“How does one send you back Oh genie of the knife set?”

“You drew blood to release me. You draw blood to return me but the caveat is that the person must die for the magic to work.”

Will’s eyes are big as saucers. Hannibal chuckles deeply in his chest as he walks toward the living room.No wonder Hannibal is smiling like a chestier cat. He knows Will won’t kill someone to put him back.

“What if I destroy the knife set?”

“Go ahead. Many have tried and to no avail. You could always bring me here to live with you.”

Will’s mind stops in it’s tracks. He looks sidelong at Hannibal.

“Is that your game? You want me to bring you here? I’ll never have a normal relationship again.”

“Do you have many experiences with normal relationships?”

“Haha..your so amusing. Yes..a little..but I would like the chance for few more times to try.”

“Then you’ll have to leave me at my home. I desire to nix the feelings of guilt you may burden yourself with William. You take responsibility for things you have no way of controlling.”

“Guilt? As if what devious plan you undertake is my fault?” Comes the incredulous reply.

“Yes, exactly.. I am what I am. I can’t change my nature. You are not at the helm of this ship. You can not predict any outcome. But your imagination does give you an intuitive insight to what may occur. Nevertheless, the only thing you are are responsible for is releasing me without returning me.. If you don’t return me,then..”

Hannibal waves in hand in a blase fashion. He gives the air of nonchalant. He is a bored aristocrat who entertains himself with the fine art of violence.

“That’s not fair!”

“I said..”

“I know what the fuck you said! You manipulative bastard!”

Will points his index finger. His face flushes as his short-lived good mood slips into self-righteous anger. How dare Hannibal put all this burden on him?! There is another way there has to be.

Hannibal merely smiles and shrugs. Will turns on his heel slams out the back door. Hannibal doesn't follow the younger man. He watches his retreating figure heading into the woods. William will understand in due time. They are destined to remain together.

Will stands in front of an imposing building. He looks down at the piece of paper in his hands double..triple checking the address. He walks in finding a small map of the interior he finds the name on he is looking for. Dr. Henry Alexander,professor of mythology,room 407.

Will takes the elevator which is one of the older models with the heavy gate that must be latched for the thing to ascend. He hopes this guy is as good as Beverly claims. He needs some advice without coming off as well as insane. The elevator lurches to a stop. Will walks down the ill-lighted hall knocking on the office door.A muffled come in is heard.

Amidst stacks of books stands a fairly young man with hazel eyes and short ash blonde hair. He is Will's height and build wearing round-framed glasses.

"Dr. Alexander?"

"Yes?"

"I'm Will Graham."

"Oh yes! Good to meet you!Please have a seat."

The man cleans off a seat spinning around with a stack of books before shrugging and placing them another stack. It wobbles before finally settling. Dr. Alexander looks through a stack of papers and manila envelopes before pulling one out handing it toward Will. The empath opens it to find a stack on the genie legend.

“Fascinating creatures the genie. You said this is for a case?”

Will coughs clearing his throat.

“Yes but I am afraid I can’t speak about but thank you for taking the time to assist me.”

“Oh, no problem. Anytime.” Dr. Alexander rubs his hands together before diving into it.

“The genie have free will. They can be good or evil or even neutral.He can appear as smoke,dragons,snakes and humans. They are often described as tall men in white. They have a community all their own with courts,kings,weddings,and they even mourn.There are some stories about genies who are called qarīn , they are the proverbial devil on your shoulder. Their job is to talk their person into evil acts.There are some stories that say King Solomon bound some genie making them work for him.”

“How does a person become a genie?”

“Well, these stories are few and far between with the questions that you asked. I dug up as much as I could find. From what I understand, for a person to be made into a genie that takes a very powerful angry genie. It’s a punishment. They are tied to objects in life that were important to them. To be released would take a much more powerful genie than the one who made him break the spell. To destroy a genie is nearly impossible.”

“So once you have one, you’re stuck with them?”

“Unless they find another person to torment. Now once a genie has decided..choose..if you will... someone to be their mate it is as if the fate has been decided. One may be able to be rid of a genie if you can send them back to their “home”. Then you still have to prevent anyone from summoning them again. There just isn’t much information on these old stories.From what I researched since they are close to human, they have human foibles. They can be tricked and deceived. They can love and hate. They are bound only by the tie to their home. Where their object is so they must be nearby it. I am not sure how far they can travel without

it but I suspect, personal opinion here, it would be like a tether. They would have no choice, that they would be stopped by the distance. Like a dog on a chain."

Will nods. He scratches his scruff as he starts to formulate a plan to contain Hannibal and lessen his guilt about the genie being out in the world.

The genie stands incorporeal watching the exchange. Genies are able to travel a long distance in their spirit form. It takes massive amounts of energy with a day's recovery time but it's worth it. Hannibal knows that Will is looking for a way to be rid of him. That is not going to happen, he has already decided. William will be Hannibal's even if he has to be his prisoner. If there was more time he would patiently wait out William. But time is running out so his alternate plan is now in play. Sweet William is his now and forever his.

Chapter End Notes

The genie information is from wikipedia and then I just made stuff up to work for my story..

Chapter 8

Will sits up in bed listening to the birds sing outside. He stretches arms over his head as he bows his spine forward. He groans when he hears a few pops. Will feels great. Which is saying something considering the last three months he has felt feverish and exhausted. He wakes in strange places that he has slept walked to. Along with nighttime terrors, it seems daytime is no longer a safe haven. His waking hours filled with hallucinations more vivid than before. The most frightening symptom Will experiences is time loss. Will feels unhinged when he knows it was a certain time a few moments ago to suddenly "wake up" at a different time altogether. He doesn't remember what he has done or how he got to whatever location he finds himself in at the moment. But today, yes today, he feels happy and healthy.

He pulls the covers back getting out of bed heading to the bathroom. After finishing his morning ritual, he follows his nose to the kitchen. He moves through the house noticing that all the curtains are open. The house seems less dusty. It looks lived in by more than just Will. He frowns stopping. A feeling like fingers tickling the back of his head that there something he has forgotten. He shrugs. Well, he'll eventually recall it if it's really important, won't he?

Will crosses the threshold into Hannibal's sanctuary. He smells comforting scents of breakfast laced with aromatic coffee he has come to appreciate. Hannibal makes the best coffee. Will walks around the kitchen island opening a cabinet pulling out a mug. Hannibal turns his head briefly smiling at Will. The empath pours himself some coffee. He turns smiling at Hannibal.

"Good Morning, William."

"Good Morning Hannibal. What's for breakfast?"

Will walks over placing a quick kiss on the older man's cheek. He listens to Hannibal's description of the food he was preparing. There is a buzzing sound inside his ears. He smiles even though that sound is driving him crazy. Where is it coming from?

He sits down on a stool at the island watching the older man finish cooking. Hannibal prepares a plate of protein scramble, Will's favorite, for each of them. He carries them to the breakfast nook while Will brings up the rear carrying coffee. Will admits what a nice rear it is to follow. He feels his cheeks burning with arousal and embarrassment. Hannibal winks at him smiling.

“I know what you're thinking.” he says unfolding his napkin placing it onto his lap.

Will smiles cutting into a piece of sausage. He smiles before popping the delectable meat into his mouth. He says around chewing his food.

“Really? What’s that?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe a replay of our escapade from last night. Maybe you would like a repeat performance.”

Will smiled taking a sip of his coffee.His feelings from last night linger. Will categorize them to help him understand which are his and which are Hannibal’s. The emotions such as happiness, love and sated are overwhelmingly prevalent in Will’s perception

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His reminiscences about caresses and kisses let him basks in the physical sensations of lips on lips, palms running over hot sweaty skin and the pleasure from Hannibal being inside of him are imprinted on his skin. But Will can’t see this memory in his mind's eye. His memories play like a continues movie inside his mind. He should at least be able to dredge up Hannibal’s face above his but nothing. The mere thought leaves an anxious unquietness in his mind. He grimaces.

“Something wrong love?”

Will shakes out the jumbled thoughts out of his head smiling?

“Nothing.”

The older man nods his eyes shrewdly watching Will. The two men discuss their weekend plans. Will has some paperwork to do but not much. He would like to see a movie this afternoon. It’s his turn to pick the activity for the weekend. Hannibal chats about some

charity function that is coming up. He chastises Will when the man groans at the thought of it. It all feels so domestic and normal. Will wonders why he always afraid of this before? Why did he wait so long to find someone to share his life with anyway?

After they clean the dishes and kitchen, the duo goes upstairs to get dressed. Once inside the room, Will feels the older man's arms encircle his waist. Will smiles leaning back into Hannibal feeling lips on his neck.

"Are you trying to distract me?"

"Yes. Is it working?"

A low rough chuckle from the empath surrounded by a gasp of yes, when Hannibal's hands move to grope Will's groin.The empath turns inside the embrace bringing their mouths together. Lips pliant as tongues seek each other, taking turns exploring each other's' mouth.Groans muffled or bitten off as each pulls away undressing the other of what clothes they have on. Hannibal pushes Will back into the bed, caging him as he presses himself onto the agent.

Will moans turning his head to the side. His eyes open to a blurry clock. He feels Hannibal's mouth explore his neck but Will squints at the clock. It comes into focus. It's an older clock. It looks like an antique art deco clock. It probably winds up. Will's attention is caught up watching the second-hand moving but it doesn't move forward at all. It just twitches with each tic of the clock. The tics become louder while everything else fades away, till that's all Will hears.

Will thinks that's not my clock. My clock is digital. This isn't real. He hears Hannibal's voice murmur, it is if you believe it is.

But that doesn't make it so.It's a dream or a hallucination.He argues. The empath hears his own thought spoken out loud.

It can be real,William. If you want it to be. Ask me. Will hears Hannibal's voice as everything comes to a standstill.

“No!” he shouts.

Will opens his eyes looking around panting as he tries to catch his breath. Sweat pouring down his forehead. He doesn’t see the cold gray sky of morning peeking between heavy curtains. Nor is his alarm clock on the nightstand beside his bed. Instead of the air smelling musty and unoccupied, it smells sterile, clinical even. His mind discerns that the walls are white. Well, actually a worn out cream color with padding underneath them. He looks down. He’s in a straight jacket. The empath panics as his blue eyes open wider. He struggles. He hears someone shouting his name. He looks up from underneath long locks.

Hannibal is calling his name squatting down looking into Will’s eyes. His face has the expression of concern. He tentatively touches the empath’s knee.

“William. Can you hear me?”

Will nods looking around the room looking for the door.

“Where am I? Why am I here? Why am I in this?” Will barely lifts his arms still struggling.

Hannibal makes a shushing sound. He places a finger on his lips motioning for quiet.

“You need to calm down Will. They will sedate you again. I know you hate that.”

Will gulps and nods his head willing his breath to calm. Eventually,he does, Hannibal smiles.

“Will, you are in the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane.Do you not remember what happened?”

Will shakes his head vigorously no. He dreads what Hannibal is about to tell him. Will has this paranoid fear that one day he would be locked away from society. Maybe he should be.

"You killed several people,Will. You ate them.But..you've been suffering from encephalitis. We've put you on medication to cure the infection. Unfortunately, we didn't catch it in time before the psychological break with reality you apparently suffered."

Will shakes his head slowly then more vigorously as a stream of no pours from his mouth. It can't be.He doesn't recall anything that the psychiatrist claims happened. It must be Hannibal. He has tampered with his memories. He is trying to gaslight him to accepting himself as a killer. He is not a murder. Will's inner darkness is locked away in the cellar of his mind.The only monster present is Hannibal.

Will uses the wall to steady himself as he stands up. Will paces the room agitation cascading down his body like sweat.

"I killed and ate people?! " The shock is clear in Will's voice. "No..No way! I've been set up."

Will's eyes narrow when his gaze pierces Hannibal.

"It was you! You've done this to me! What are you playing at? Couldn't get to me kill someone! Your manipulations you tried on me didn't work? I may be unstable but I'm not stupid enough to completely trust you!"

Will feels like foam is dripping from his mouth as disdain covers all his feelings for the man in front of him. He's not a man. He thinks. He's a monster.

Hannibal nods his head looking morose.

" You've been killing in the styles of pervious killers you have caught. They call you a copycat killer. I have not manipulated you into anything, William. When you can't recollect the things..the horrible things you have done, denial easiest to hold onto."

He watches Will's emotions move from anger to hurt. The man crumples into himself falling to the floor.Will feel his lips quiver and tears burn his eyes. He knew something was wrong with him. Why didn't he go to the doctor? Why did no one try to help him? Where were Jack and Alana? Weren't they suppose to be his rock?.

He perceives Hannibal taking him into a soothing embrace. Will feels the damn break. All the emotions coming flooding out while his friend holds him. Will senses like they are more. Lovers? No, Hannibal was too refined for someone like himself. Patient and psychiatrist, that seems right. Something is twitching in the back of his mind again. Something niggling at him to remember becoming an irritation he can't ignore. It will continue to be so,unless, he thinks of what it is.

Finally his sobs slow. Hannibal lends back looking down into Will's eyes.Will sees a strange reflection in the older man's large black pupil. It's clock but all the numbers have fallen to the side. Will turns his head and sees an old art deco clock on a bedside table. He hears the ticking of it. It sounds loud. The second-hand doesn't move but the numbers do.They swirl and tumble on the face of it.

Will turns his head to ask the genie a question. Then he takes a double take in his mind. Genie? Yes, genie! Hannibal is a genie! This isn't real! Will watches as everything melts into itself.

Will finds himself sitting up in the bed. Everything back in its place. Will snorts, this is his reality.This is what he knows. No domestic bliss for Will Graham. No way. The empath sighs laying back down wishing for a moment that dream was real. Thank God, the other dream wasn't real. He shudders at the mere thought of being locked up with Chilton was enough to turn his blood to ice water. He shivers.Will pulls the covers up over his head burrowing himself into the warmth.

Hannibal watches Will lay back and wistfully sigh. He smiles. These illusions and time losses have been working perfectly for his plan. He feels Will's affection changing from reluctant acceptance to actual longing for something more between them.The illness the man is suffering from is like the hand of fate-sealing Will's being into Hannibal's hand. Perfect in the timing.

A few weeks later

Jack is sitting at his desk when Will enters the office. Beverly is there pointedly not looking in his directions. Will senses go on high alert. It feels like an ambush. Jack waves Will to an empty seat when the door opens again, Alana walks into in the office. Now Will knows it's an ambush.

“What’s going on Jack?” Will growls

“I could ask you the same thing,Will?”

Will look at his boss with total confusion. Jack nods at Beverly. She clears her throat. The forensics scientist is deeply uncomfortable at the moment.

“We found some of your DNA at some of the crime scenes, Will. We also found some feathers in a victim that came from on your fishing lures.”

Will look between Jack and Beverly.

“You’ve got to be joking! You’ve been to my house? You’ve searched it! My DNA could have superficially gotten onto a victim. Who gave you permission to be in my house!”

“We had a warrant. Everything in order. Not only did we find the feathers you use for your lures we found you hidden room downstairs.”

Jack looks at Will with some expectations of receiving a logical explanation.

“What room, Jack? I have a basement that’s all.”

“You know there is another room,that you built into the floor! It had sinks and autopsy tables. It had blood everywhere!” shouts Jack.

“I’ve never built a room! Jack, you gotta believe me! Bev?!”

Beverly shakes her head looking down at the folders in her hand.

“Your DNA was found inside the wounds of the victims, Will. Interpret the evidence, you’ll see why… we think you are a copycat killer.”

Her eyes are pleading with Will to undo this. Explain himself to remove the suspicion they have..Jack has that he is killing. Will look at Jack. Everything crashing into each other. He knows in his heart,despite everything, he has not murdered anyone. He's not that forgone yet. But Hannibal.Hannibal could kill and plant evidence. He wonders how he is getting out of the house without him. Could the genie change people's thoughts about Will?

“It’s not me, it’s Hannibal!” he hisses out.

That damn genie has set him up because he refused to take Hannibal with him. So, the genie throws an epic tantrum by framing him.What the fuck has his life become?

“Who’s Hannibal Will?” asks Jack with a look of exasperation.

“You’ve met him! All of you have! My so-called roommate. Taller than me with a stupid accent. He wears fucking ugly three piece suits!.”

Will looks at all three of them pleading with someone to call to mind they have met Hannibal.The genie has been sneaking into Will’s bag every chance he gets. He has interactive with all of them at some point. He has charmed his way into everything Will does. Hannibal has even cooked them lunch for Christ’s sake.

Everyone is looking at him with pity, disgust or accusation. He can’t handle this! Hannibal is going to fix this! Will storms out of the office heading for the stairs, he hears Jack yelling his name.

When he arrives at the house he slams into the house, banging the door so hard it causes a hole in the wall. *Serves him right!* He sneers in his head.

“Hannibal! Show yourself right now you fucking coward.”

The genie appears not two inches from Will’s face. He takes an instinctive step back observing that Hannibal’s eyes are red and glowing. His lips pulled back in a snarl.

“You set me up, you psycho demon! How could you do this to me?!”

Will bellows into Hannibal’s face. Self-preservation is taking a backseat to fury.

“You have the audacity to ask me that? When you have the intent to leave me behind in this prison! When your house is finished.” a too quiet response.

“I figured you would be elated. No one to touch and arrange your things. Unsuspecting victims coming in to be slaughtered by you or your manipulation of a loved one. Carnage and entertainment, two of your favorite pastimes. You could add a musical number and create your own off-Broadway play!”

Will balls his hands into fists. He is shaking as he holds back an impulse to hit Hannibal in that smug face.

“I told you I enjoyed your company, William. I have rather grown fond of your companionship. I thought we were friends.”

“We are millions of light years from that!” Will spats out. “Friends don’t frame friends because they want them to stay! For a psychiatrist your communication sucks!”

Will pushes past Hannibal heading to the study for some whiskey. He grabs the bottle spinning off the lid letting it land on the floor. He takes a sip right out of the bottle. He turns looking blatantly smug taking another big swig again. He wipes his hand over his mouth then takes the hand drying it on an antique chair.

“You’re being childish and uncouth. My communication skills are fine. It’s difficult to communicate with someone who won’t talk back.”

“I talk to you! We’ve been having conversations for months now. That’s the longest I’ve ever talked with the same person! Just because your obvious manipulations haven’t worked, is on your head! Don’t blame me for not falling for them. That’s on you, buddy!”

“So if I ask will you to take me with you , what is your answer?”

“Well, it’s no for sure now! I may have considered it. The fact you don’t trust me to make a decision about this is insulting.”

Hannibal stands rigid staring at Will till his skin tickles with the intensity of that stare.

“Fix this!” Will hissing demands.

“No” is the whispered answer.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

> Sorry, it has been forever for this fic but it's been a little tough to write lately. Well here is one that s finished finally! Thanks to all who still read and are still reading this one!

Will hears banging on the front door. He sees the red and blue lights flash in the windows. He glares at the genie. Then the profiler nods his head in understanding.

"Fine. That's the way you want to play it? Then I'll just go with them."

He stalks to the door. He turns the doorknob almost expecting it to be locked, but it turns smoothly. He yanks it open stepping across the threshold into a church.

Will stops. He turns looking around at the frescos of icons; the alter with a railing around it and the mosaic of a skeleton in the floor.

"It is the chapel Norman Palace in Palermo. One of my favorite places I have built into my memory place."

Hannibal is lighting a candle as he speaks. He turns blinking slowly at Will. His hands pressed together is prayer. The profiler feels the smug glee he has at Will's confused reaction. Will turns on his heel. He approaches the front door again. He angerly pulls it open. There are the police cruisers and Jack with a bullhorn. Will puts his hands in the air crossing the threshold. He is back in the foyer of Lecter's home.

"Goddamnit!" he yells. His face flushed in anger. He hears Hanibal in the kitchen. He stomps down the hall.He enters the kitchen. There sit plates and cups from breakfast.

Will smacks the dishes to the floor. He feels a small sense of satisfaction when they all shatter into pieces. It seems like his life at the moment. Hannibal turns calmly around looking at the enraged profiler.

"Destroying the crockery will not get you what you desire."

The cups and plates fly up coming together again. It's like watching a movie rewind.

"You need to let me leave this place! Let me leave you! I am not playing your games, Hannibal. I am not your toy!"

"I do not wish your departure, Will. I have grown attached to your company. In time, you will come to accept my companionship, as well."

"In time.In time?! People will notice if I disappear Hannibal."

"Well...Jack and the FBI will, William. But face it, I am your only friend as you are mine."

"That's low, even for an asshole like you."

"It's the truth. Besides, you've loved my game. You joined the moment you agreed to stay here. True, I thought of you as a plaything at first, but you are far more than that. You've proven to be an equal player, far more exciting."

Will turns on his heel heading to the door before he is stopping changing course in midstep. He makes a beeline for the backdoor. He opens the door to the garden. He steps through it entering back into the kitchen. He groans kicking a chair across the room in frustration.

Will walks out of the kitchen sprinting up the stairs. He goes to a bedroom opening a window. He'll escape the hard way. He knocks out the screen throwing a leg over the window seal. He jumps down closing his eyes waiting for the painful landing. He lands on something soft, the bed.

Hannibal is at the foot looking down at the empath. He shakes his head.

"I will find a way to escape you, Hannibal." snarls the empath through clenched teeth.

"I admire your tenacity regarding your flight plan. You, however, will come to accept and even like..maybe love your life with me."

Will doesn't speak. He gets up going downstairs to the door. He opens the door crossing the threshold again into the foyer. Will growls in rage and frustration. Hannibal watches the man placidly; he shakes his head. He walks to the kitchen. The genie might as well prepare lunch, Will be hungry after wearing himself out. Hannibal feels sure he'll adapt to the living arrangement in time.

Jack is looking through a slot in a door. He sighs heavily as he watches Will Graham rock back in forth his eyes vacant. Swaddled in a straight jacket sitting in the padded room as drool runs from the corner of Will's mouth to his chin. Jack shakes his head. He turns toward Dr. Chilton.

"No change?"

"No. I am afraid Mr. Graham is a prisoner in his head. I don't know if he'll ever be capable of standing trial for the murders."

"I can't understand, how he... feel so deep into this state. I still can't believe he butchered and ate those victims. Does he still speak of him?"

"Him? Oh, Hannibal Lecter...yes..sometimes he has conversations with this hallucination. Other times he insists that Hannibal is the actual killer. We've tried types of different medication. I feel sure we may find one that will work for Will. Until then.."

Dr. Chilton shrugs. Jack nods. He turns walking out into the cold winter day. He mourns the loss of such a brilliant mind at saving lives.

A few years later

Will is allowed to sit outside for an hour every day. If he keeps improving, the doctors have hinted at letting Will outside without constant supervision. He looks around the garden area drinking in the spring day.

"It's a beautiful day, William."

Will turns his head looking at Hannibal. He sees the orderly looking at him. Will smiles with a small wave. He doesn't speak to Hannibal anymore. That just gets Will into trouble with everyone. Now he silently listens and nods. Hannibal was right over time Will has come to accept his life with the genie.

End Notes

Tags will be added as we go.

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